

Not Like This

by Arabian3332

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Summary: 'He stood there, shivering even though it was not cold, his mind racing though it was blank.' The final battle. Bucky's point of view. (Supposed to have been) posted 22 days before the premiere of Captain America: Civil War. Part of my Civil War Countdown.

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[A/N]: I'm _so _sorry for not posting this yesterday. However, I was so tired after a six-hour car ride that I didn't have the chance to. So, as my gift to you for being late, I'm posting one I hadn't planned to post until closer to May 6. Enjoy! Warning: violence and (spoiler!) character death.

xXx

He stood there, shivering even though it wasn't cold, his mind racing though it was blank.

The battle had been tough. He'd fought the man in the silver suit, fighting half-heartedly like something in him told him he didn't want to win or lose. The man had competent skills, but he wouldn't have stood a chance if he'd wanted to win. He'd managed to glance over to where his best friend was fighting a man in a red and gold suit.

They'd been friends too, he realized. Before, when he'd been gone, they'd fought side by side, trusted each other. Now they used their knowledge of the other's weaknesses to hurt instead of help. It shouldn't be this way, he thought. This shouldn't ever happen. Not to anyone.

His mind was preoccupied by a metal fist arcing towards his face. He caught it, twisting it away easily. The owner of said fist made a sound of pain. He took a boot-clad foot and planted a solid kick on

the suit's chest, sending the man soaring backwards. He continued to fight, his body on autopilot.

Then he heard a horrible sound. A pained yelp, then a hard fall. He knocked away his opponent, looking towards where his best friend fought. What he saw filled him with fury even as his stomach plummeted.

His friend lay on the ground, shield tossed aside. He supported himself with his hands, firmly braced, but his arms were shaking. "Then finish it," he was saying, sounding winded and resigned, much too similar to that time on the Hellicarrier.

The unyielding gold mask on the man's face stayed firmly in place as he slowly raised a hand, palm glowing blue.

"No!" he screamed, feet moving of their own volition to his friend.

There was no purpose to his actions. A white-blue beam shot out towards his friend, and he collapsed, arms giving out.

His scream no longer had words. He made his way to his fallen comrade, falling to his knees beside him. He moved to help him, only to see the charred hole in his friend's uniform, and his closed eyes. He wasn't breathing.

Seeing his condition, he no longer thought. No longer felt. He got up stiffly, grabbing the metal man by his throat in his rage. The metal crinkled under his silver fingers like tinfoil, and the man's still-armored fingers clawed at him, but to no avail.

_ "He was my friend!" _he roared, his tone equal parts anger and agony.

He couldn't see him under the suit, but eventually the arms dropped to the man's sides and he dropped to the ground.

Just like Steve.

He returned to his fallen friend's side, retrieving his shield and placing it near his hand. He dropped to the ground, and that was where he remained, arms wrapped around himself, until the others came. It didn't seem to matter whose side you were on now, not when both their leaders were gone. A gentle hand touched his shoulder, but he ignored it. That was the kindest response he had in him right now.

Not destroying everything he touched.

xx

_ Inspired by the Dropkick Murphys' song 'The Battle Rages On'.

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End
file.